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MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY

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Mother Goose

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION

OF

THE EARLIEST KNOWN EDITION

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

COLONEL W. F. PRIDEAUX, C.S.I.

LONDON

A. H. BULLEN

47 GREAT RUSSELL STREET

MCMIV

Edinburgh: T. & A. CONSTABLE, Printers to His Majesty

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INTRODUCTION

Several years ago, when occupied in investigating the sources of our traditional songs and ballads, I asked a kind and generous correspondent, the late Professor Francis James Child, of Harvard University, if he could afford me any information with regard to the earliest forms in which the old English nursery rhymes crossed the Atlantic. Professor Child, in a letter dated 25th February 1886, wrote to me: 'A collection of nursery songs was made in Boston as early as 1719: *Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children.* A copy was said to have been discovered in an old antiquarian library not very long ago, but afterwards could not be found. I meant to reprint this copy—it was somewhat imperfect—for the good of the world. *Mother Goose's Melodies* continues to be printed, but no one thinking fidelity of the least consequence, books bearing that title are arbitrarily

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altered, and filled out from Halliwell. The original collection seems to have been a very small affair, and the smaller the reprints the more chance of genuineness. I have ordered one which used to be sold in Boston, and will send it as soon as it comes to hand.'

Professor Child was presumably unable to procure this little book, as I never received it, nor, in the press of work attending the preparation of his monumental collection of *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, was he able to carry out the task of giving to the world his contemplated treatise on the literature of the nursery. In this particular his mantle fell upon the late Mr. William H. Whitmore of Boston, the eminent antiquary and genealogist. Mr. Whitmore devoted himself assiduously to the study of the subject, and after some years of diligent inquiry, during which he was successful in acquiring two early American copies of *Mother Goose's Melody*, he published a pamphlet in 1889 at Albany, New York, which in 1892 he amplified into a very valuable work, entitled *The*

Original Mother Goose's Melody, as issued by John Newbery, London, circa 1760; *Isaiah Thomas, Worcester,* circa 1785; *Monroe & Francis, Boston,* circa 1825. This book contained an interesting introduction by Mr. Whitmore, in which he traced the history of the little collection with a painstaking minuteness that left few gleanings for a successor to pick up, together with a facsimile of the earliest known American edition, and a reprint of the New York (1795) edition of Perrault's *Tales of Passed Times.* Of the two copies of the little book in the possession of Mr. Whitmore, both of which were printed by Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, Massachusetts, the earlier, which Mr. Whitmore considered on good grounds was dated not later than 1785, had unfortunately lost its title-page, while the other, which was stated to be the third Worcester edition, and was printed in 1799, was deficient in several leaves.[1]

[1] Notwithstanding these defects, at the auction sale of Mr. Whitmore's books in November 1902, the first copy realised as much as $45, and the second $30.

Mr. Whitmore's investigations brought to light no evidence whatever of the existence of the supposed edition of 1719. The story seems to have originated in a misunderstanding. A literary man named Crowninshield, who died in 1859, apparently conceived a vague idea that he had seen this volume in the Library of the American Antiquarian Society —the 'old antiquarian library' of Professor Child. Amongst his acquaintances, he came across a gentleman of the name of Eliot, who was a great-grandson of Thomas Fleet, a well-known Boston printer, who carried on business between 1712 and 1758, and from whose press the little volume was supposed to have issued. Fleet was the son-in-law of a certain Mrs. Elizabeth Goose, and this fact seems to have established a tradition in the family that this lady was the veritable 'Mother Goose' of the *Melodies*. Mr. Crowninshield's presumed discovery lent weight to this legend, and the story having been published by Mr. Eliot in *The Boston Transcript* for January 14, 1860, it rapidly got into currency, and, crossing the

Atlantic, found its way into *Notes and Queries* (3rd Ser. ix. 265). In *The Athenæum* for February 26, 1887, Mr. Andrew Lang drew attention to the fact that some one had advertised for a copy of the book, and asked any reader of that journal who possessed any knowledge of Mother Goose, or her *Songs for the Nursery*, to impart his lore. As no information was obtainable, it was assumed that the original work in the Library of the Antiquarian Society had been lost, or mislaid, or possibly destroyed. The fact, however, remains that the library was carefully searched, and that no copy of any such edition was found. Nothing has since been heard of it, and the only safe conclusion is that it never existed, except in the imagination of the supposed discoverer.

For the authentic history of the genuine *Mother Goose's Melody*, we have but few materials. The only fact that Mr. Charles Welsh, in his charming book, *A Bookseller of the Last Century*, was able to ascertain regarding it, was that it was entered by Thomas

Carnan, the stepson and one of the successors of John Newbery, at Stationers' Hall on December 28, 1780. But Mr. Welsh informed Mr. Whitmore that he thought it probable that 1780, the date of the copyright, was not necessarily that of the first issue of the book, but rather that the copyright was taken out in connection with the winding-up of the co-partnership on Francis Newbery's death. Judging from the style of the book, it seems likely that it was first 'produced by John' Newbery about 1765.

The book being merely a collection of nursery rhymes, to which a selection of Shakespeare's lyrics was added, the question of authorship hardly arises, but it would be interesting if the identity of the writer of the preface and the footnotes could be established. Mr. Welsh and Mr. Whitmore are of opinion that in these additions to the rhymes the hand of Goldsmith may be traced. There is no doubt that between 1762 and 1768 he was constantly employed in hack-work for John Newbery, in addition to the more important

works for which Newbery acted as publisher. Mr. Whitmore points out that Goldsmith was fond of children, and was familiar with nursery rhymes and games. Forster, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, quotes a letter of Miss Hawkins, in which she says: 'I little thought what I should have to boast, when Goldsmith taught me to play *Jack and Jill*, by two bits of paper on his fingers.' And a more curious piece of evidence is noted by Mr. Whitmore. On January 29, 1768, Goldsmith's play of *The Good Natured Man* was produced. The reception it met with was discouraging, and Goldsmith had some trouble to conceal his disappointment. He had supper with some of his set, and Johnson told Mrs. Thrale that to impress his friends still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favourite song, which he never consented to sing but on special occasions, about *An Old Woman tossed in a Blanket seventeen times as high as the Moon*, and was altogether very noisy and loud. Now, as Mr. Whitmore points out, the reader will find this identical 'favourite

song' at page vii of the preface to *Mother Goose's Melody*, dragged in without any excuse, but evidently because it was familiar to the writer. It is difficult not to concede some force to this coincidence.

The title of the little song-book was doubtless borrowed from the more familiar *Mother Goose's Tales*. The date of Newbery's first edition of these Tales is unknown, but Mr. Charles Welsh shows that the seventh edition was printed May 16, 1777, and that between this date and March 1779, Carnan and Newbery took 1700 out of the 3000 copies printed by Collins of Salisbury. The eighth edition was issued September 4, 1780. The title of the book is merely a translation of Perrault's *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*. Of the origin of this fantastic name nothing can be said with certainty, but in *The Athenæum* for March 12, 1887, the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco pointed out the connection between the *Contes de ma Commère l'Oye* and other stories with animal eponymi, such as *Contes de Peau d'Asnon* and *Contes de la Cicogne*, of which all

traces except the names seem to be lost. In *Mélusine* for April 1887 (col. 369), there is an interesting extract from Noël du Fail's *Propos Rustiques*, which describes how Robin Chevet, an old Breton farmer, used to entertain his family after supper with old-world tales:—

'Et ainsi occupés à diverses besognes, le bonhomme Robin, après avoir imposé silence, commençoit un beau conte du temps que les bestes parloient: comme le renard desroboit le poisson aux poissoniers; comme il fit battre le loup aux lavandières, lorsqu'il apprenoit à pescher,—comme le chien et le chat alloient bien loin;—de la corneille qui en chantant perdit son fromage,—de Mélusine,—du loup garou, de cuir d'Annette;—des fées, et que souventes fois parloit à elles, familièrement mesme, la vesprée, passant par le chemin creux, et qu'il les voyoit danser au branle près la fontaine de Cormier au son d'une belle vèze (cornemuse), couverte de cuir rouge, ce luy estoit avis, car il avoit la vue courte.'

The contributor of *Mélusine*, to whom we are indebted for this extract, observed that in some editions of *Propos Rustiques* three tales are added to the repertory of Robin Chevet, one of which is 'le conte de la cicogne.' Looking to the general character of worthy Robin's stories, it seems possible that 'contes de loups' and 'contes de la cicogne' were only popular appellations for the fables of a still earlier *raconteur*, the ubiquitous Æsop. However this may be, it is clear that the names of animals were associated with collections of tales from an early period, and Mr. Lang points out in his edition of Perrault (Oxford, 1888), p. xxiv, that 'Mother Goose' occurs in Loret's *La Muse Historique* (lettre v., 11 Juin, 1650)—

> 'Mais le cher motif de leur joye,
> Comme un conte de la Mère Oye,
> Se trouvant fabuleux et faux,
> Ils deviendront tous bien penauts.'

This anticipates the date of the first collected edition of Perrault's *Tales* (1697) by nearly fifty years.

Mother Goose and her Tales were not long in crossing the Channel. The earliest editions of the English translation have long passed into limbo. Mr. Austin Dobson informed Mr. Lang that 'an English version, translated by Mr. Samber, printed for J. Pote, was advertised in *The Monthly Chronicle*, March 1729' (Perrault's *Tales*, p. xxxiv). This was probably the first edition, but no copies are known to exist. Nor have I ever met with a copy of the following edition, the full title of which I give from a contemporary bookseller's catalogue:—

'Mother Goose's Stories of Past Times, writ purposely for the Innocent Entertainment of Children, and yet are so contrived by the Author, that not only Children, but those of Maturity have found in them uncommon Pleasure and Delight: As an Instance of which, the famous Perault [*sic*] was so taken with them that he made the Morals to them himself, knowing they tended to the Incouragement of Virtue, and the Depression of

Vice; the former of which is ever rewarded in them, and the latter ever punished.

'*N.B.*—This Book has met with such uncommon Encouragement in the French Tongue, that Ten Thousand could hardly satisfy the Call there has been for them; nor has the English Bookseller Reason to complain, the Second Edition being almost sold. It is likewise to be had in French and English, at 2s. 6d., and in English only for 1s. 6d., adorned with Cuts.'

The translation of Robert Samber seems to have long retained its popularity, as an edition, called the seventh, was printed by J. Rivington, New York, in 1795. Like its predecessors, it contained the English and French versions on opposite pages. I have little doubt that the 'Morals' which Perrault tagged on to his stories gave the idea to the compiler of *Mother Goose's Melody* of appending the footnotes to the rhymes, in some of which one is inclined to see some trace of the

wise and kindly humour which studs the pages of the immortal *Vicar*.

When Mr. Whitmore published his book in 1892, he noted that the English editions of *Mother Goose's Melody* had practically disappeared, not even Mr. Welsh, the historian of the house in St. Paul's Churchyard, having been able to see an example of Newbery's print. The rarity of early children's books exceeds that of a Coverdale Bible or a first folio Shakespeare. A short time ago, however, Mr. Bertram Dobell, an assiduous and cultivated literary miner, was fortunate enough to disinter the copy from which the following facsimile has been made. It is in beautiful condition, in the original Dutch paper wrappers, and as fresh as when it left the dealer's counter, forming in this respect a contrast to the American exemplars which fetched high prices at Mr. Whitmore's sale. No edition is specified on the title-page, but it may be presumed that many had been issued before 1791, not one of which, so far as our present knowledge extends, has survived. Francis Power, the publisher,

was a son of Mr. Michael Power, a Spanish merchant, who in 1766 married Mary, the eldest child and only daughter of John Newbery. Under her father's will, Mary Power became entitled to a fourth share in his publications, together with other contingent advantages. Very few books bear the name of her son Francis, and he seems to have been engaged in the active business of a publisher for a short time only. A comparison of the little book under review shows that the editions published by Isaiah Thomas at Worcester, Massachusetts, were almost exact facsimiles of the London issues. The pagination is exactly the same, and the arrangement of the matter very nearly so. Variations in italic type and in capital letters constitute the only differences. In these small matters, the conservatism of English children seems to have extended to their cousins across the water, and the English nursery song, like the English nursery game, forms part of the eternal heritage of the two kindred races. A facsimile reproduction of the earliest known

collection of the rhymes sung by English children in the eighteenth century, many of which date from a much earlier period, and are really tags of ballads in popular vogue, will therefore, it is hoped, possess some features of interest in the eyes of literary antiquaries.

W. F. P.

Master John Hurt
Jan 14th 1798

MOTHER GOOSE's

M E L O D Y:

OR,

Sonnets for the Cradle.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I. Contains the moſt celebrated Songs and Lullabies of the old Britiſh Nurſes, calculated to amuſe Children and to excite them to Sleep.

PART II. Thoſe of that ſweet Songſter and Nurſe of Wit and Humour, Maſter William Shakeſpeare.

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

And Illuſtrated with NOTES and MAXIMS, Hiſtorical, Philoſophical and Critical.

LONDON:

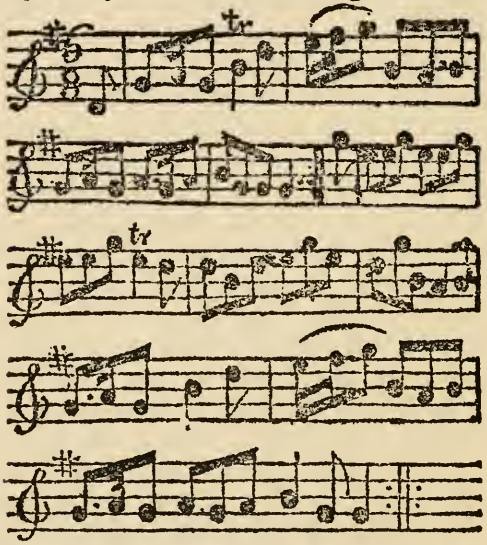
Printed for FRANCIS POWER, (Grandſon to the late Mr. J. NEWBERY,) and Co. No. 65. St. Paul's Church Yard, 1791.

] Price Three Pence. [

PREFACE.

By a very GREAT WRITER of very LITTLE BOOKS.

MUCH might be ſaid in favour of this collection, but as we have no room for critical diſquiſitions we ſhall only obſerve to our readers, that the cuſtom of ſinging theſe ſongs and lullabies to children is of great antiquity: It is even as old as the time of the ancient *Druids*. *Caractacus*, King of the *Britons*, was rocked in his cradle in the iſle of *Mona*, now called *Angleſea*, and tuned to ſleep by ſome of theſe ſoporiferous ſonnets. As the beſt things, however, may be made an ill uſe of, ſo this kind of compoſition has been employed in a ſatirical manner; of which we have a remarkable inſtance ſo far back as the reign of king *Henry* the fifth. When that great prince turned his

arms againſt *France*, he compoſed the following march to lead his troops to battle, well knowing that muſick had often the power of inſpiring courage, eſpecially in the minds of good men.

Of this his enemies took advantage,

and, as our happy nation, even at that time, was never without a faction, ſome of the malecontents adopted the following words to the king's own march, in order to ridicule his majeſty, and to ſhew the folly and impoſſibility of his undertaking.

There was an old woman toſs'd in a blanket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
But where ſhe was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm ſhe carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, ſaid I?
Whither, ah whither, ah whither ſo high?
To ſweep the cobwebs from the ſky,
And I'll be with you by and by.

Here the king is repreſented as an old woman, engaged in a purſuit the moſt abſurd and extravagant imagin-

able; but when he had routed the whole *French* army at the battle of *Agincourt*, taking their king and the flower of their nobility priſoners, and with ten thouſand men only made himſelf maſter of their kingdom; the very men who had ridiculed him before began to think nothing was too arduous for him to ſurmount, they therefore cancelled the former ſonnet, which they were now aſhamed of, and ſubſtituted this in its ſtead, which you will pleaſe to obſerve goes to the ſame tune.

So vaſt is the proweſs of *Harry* the Great,
He'll pluck a hair from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or a lion familiarly take by the tooth,
And lead him about as you lead a baboon.

All

All princes and potentates under the
sun,
Through fear into corners and holes
away run;
While nor dangers nor dread his swift
progress retards,
For he deals about kingdoms as we
do our cards.

When this was shewn to his majesty he smilingly said, that folly always dealt in extravagancies, and that knaves sometimes put on the garb of fools to promote in that disguise their own wicked designs. "The flattery "in the last (says he) is more in-"sulting than the impudence of the "first, and to weak minds might do "more mischief; but we have the "old proverb in our favour: *If we* "*do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of* "*others will never hurt us.*"

We

We cannot conclude without obſerving, the great probability there is that the cuſtom of making *Nonſenſe Verſes* in our ſchools was borrowed from this practice among the old *Britiſh* nurſes; they have, indeed, been always the firſt preceptors of the youth of this kingdom, and from them the rudiments of taſte and learning are naturally derived. Let none therefore ſpeak irreverently of this antient maternity, as they may be conſidered as the great grandmothers of ſcience and knowledge,

Mother

Mother GOOSE's *Melody.*

A LOVE SONG.

THERE was a little Man,
Who wooed a little Maid;
And he ſaid, little Maid, will you
wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to ſay,
So will you aye or nay,
For the leaſt ſaid is ſooneſt mended,
ded, ded.

II.

Then replied the little maid,
Little Sir, you've little ſaid
To induce a little maid for to wed,
wed, wed;
You muſt ſay a little more,
And produce a little ore,
E're I make a little print in your bed,
bed, bed.

III.

Then the little man replied,
If you'll be my little bride,
I'll raiſe my love notes a little higher,
higher, higher;
Tho' my offers are not meet,
Yet my little heart is great,
With the little god of love all on
fire, fire, fire.

IV.

Then the little maid replied,
Should I be your little bride,

Pray

Pray what muſt we have for to eat,
eat, eat?
Will the flame that you're ſo rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of love turn the
ſpit, ſpit, ſpit?

V.

Then the little man he ſigh'd,
And, ſome ſay, a little cry'd,
For his little heart was big with ſor-
row, ſorrow, ſorrow;
As I'm your little ſlave,
If the little that I have
Be too little, little, we will borrow,
borrow, borrow*.

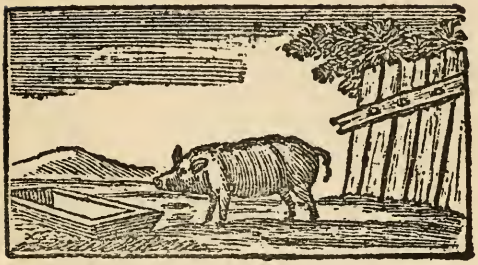
* He who borrows is another man's ſlave, and pawns his honour, his liberty, and ſometimes his noſe for the payment. Learn to live on a little and be independent.

Pack on Prudence.

VI. Then

VI.

Then the little man ſo gent,
Made the little maid relent.
And ſet her little heart a think kin,
kin, kin.
Tho' his offers were but ſmall,
She took his little all,
She could have but the cat and her
ſkin, ſkin, ſkin.



A DIRGE.

LITTLE *Betty Winkle* ſhe had a pig,
It was a little pig not very big;
When he was alive he liv'd in clover,
But now he's dead and that's all over;
Johnny Winckle he
Sat down and cry'd,
Betty Winckle ſhe
Laid down and dy'd;

So there was an end of one, two,
and three,
Johnny Winckle he,
Betty Winckle ſhe,
And Piggy Wiggie.

A dirge is a ſong made for the dead; but whether this was made for *Betty Winckle* or her pig, is uncertain; no notice being taken of it by *Camden*, or any of the famous Antiquarians.

Wall's Syſtem of Senſe.

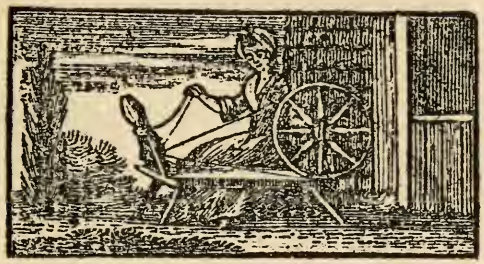
A Melancholy SONG.

TRIP upon Trenchers,
And dance upon Diſhes,
My Mother ſent me for ſome Bawm,
ſome Bawm:
She bid me tread lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear the young Men ſhould do me
ſome Harm.
Yet didn't you ſee,
Yet didn't you ſee,
What naughty Tricks they put upon
me;

They broke my Pitcher,
And ſpilt the Water,
And hufft my Mother,
And chid her Daughter,
And kiſs'd my Siſter inſtead of me.

What a ſucceſſion of misfortunes befell this poor girl? But the laſt circumſtance was the moſt affecting, and might have proved fatal.

Winſlow's View of Bath.



CROSS patch, draw the latch,
Set by the fire and ſpin;
Take a cup and drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

A common caſe this, to call in our neighbours to rejoice when all the good liquor is gone. *Pliny.*

AMPHION's SONG *of* EURYDICE.

I WON'T be my father's Jack,
I won't be my father's Gill,
I will be the fidler's wife,
And have muſic when I will.
T'other little tune,
T'other little tune,
Prithee, Love, play me,
T'other little tune.

Maxim. Thoſe arts are the moſt valuable which are of the greateſt uſe.

THREE

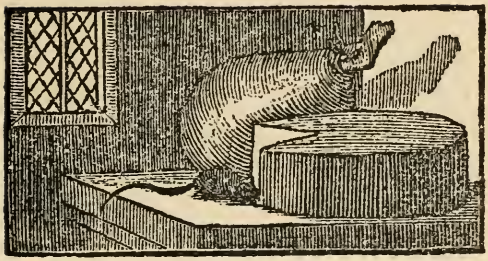
THREE wiſe men of *Gotham*,
They went to ſea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been ſtronger,
My ſong had been longer.

It is long enough. Never lament the loſs of what is not worth having,
Boyle.

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the ſtall,
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

Maxim. Thoſe who are given to tell all they know, generally tell more than they know.

THERE



THERE was an old woman
Liv'd under a hill,
She put a mouſe in a bag,
And ſent it to mill:
The miller did ſwear
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouſe in his life

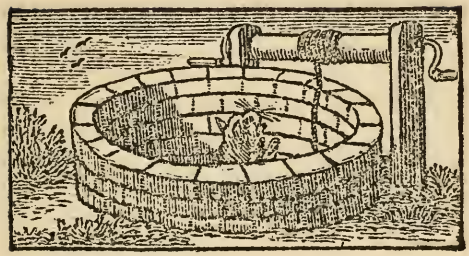
The only inſtance of a miller refuſing toll, and for which the cat has juſt cauſe of complaint againſt him. *Coke* upon *Littleton.*

THERE was an old woman
Liv'd under a hill,
And if ſhe isn't gone
She lives there ſtill.

This is a ſelf-evident propoſition, which is the very eſſence of truth. *She lived under the hill, and if ſhe is not gone ſhe lives there ſtill.* No-body will preſume to contradict this.

Cræuſa

PLATO's

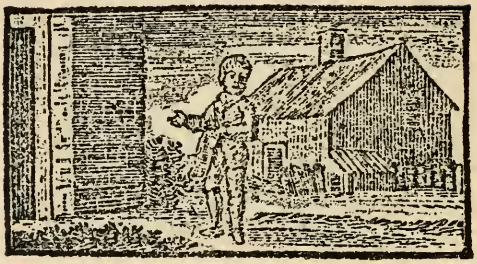


PLATO's SONG.

DING dong bell,
The cat is in the well.
Who put her in?
Little *Johnny Green.*
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor Puſſy cat.
Who never did any harm,
And kill'd the mice in his father's barn.

Maxim. He that injures one threatens an hundred.

LITTLE



LITTLE *Tom Tucker*
Sings for his ſupper;
What ſhall he eat?
White bread and butter:
How will he cut it,
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married,
Without e'er a wife?

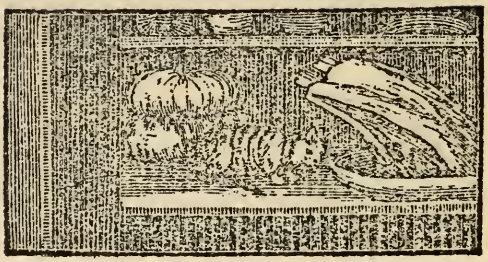
To be married without a wife is a terrible thing, and to be married with a bad wife is ſomething worſe; however, a good wife that ſings well is the beſt muſical inſtrument in the world. *Puffendorff.*

SE ſaw, *Margery Daw,*
Jacky ſhall have a new maſter;
Jacky muſt have but a penny a day,
Becauſe he can work no faſter.

It is a mean and ſcandalous practice in authors to put notes to things that deſerve no notice.

Grotius

GREAT



GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B;
The cat's in the cupboard,
And ſhe can't ſee.

Yes, ſhe can ſee that you are naughty, and don't mind your book.

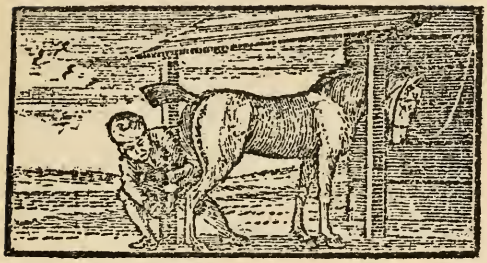
SE saw, sacaradown,
Which is the way to *London* town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to *London* town.

Or to any other town upon the face of the earth. *Wickliffe.*

SHOE

SHOE the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet ſhe goes bare.

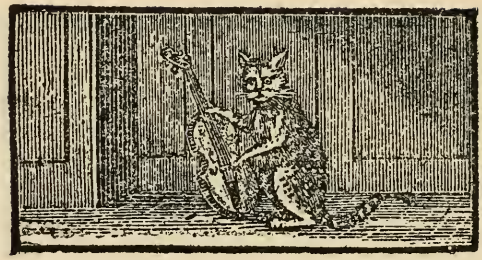
Ay, ay; drive the nail that will go: that's the way of the world, and is the method purſued by all our financiers, politicians, and necromancers. *Vattel.*



IS *John Smith* within?
Yes, that he is.
Can he ſet a ſhoe?
Aye, marry two.
Here a nail and there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.

Maxim. Knowledge is a treaſure, but practice is the key to it.

HIGH



HIGH diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon;
The little dog laugh'd
To ſee ſuch craft,
And the diſh ran away with the ſpoon.

It muſt be a little dog that laugh'd, for a great dog would be aſhamed to laugh at ſuch nonſenſe.

RIDE a cock horſe
To *Banbury* croſs,
To ſee what *Tommy* can buy;
A penny white loaf,
A penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple-pye.

There's a good boy, eat up your pye and hold your tongue; for ſilence is the ſign of wiſdom.

COCK

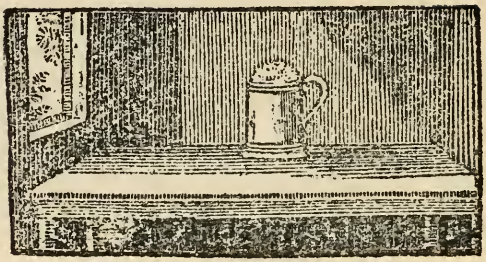
COCK a doodle doo,
My dame has loſt her ſhoe;
My maſter has loſt his fiddle ſtick,
And knows not what to do.

The cock crows us up early in the morning, that we may work for our bread, and not live upon charity or upon truſt: *for he who lives upon charity ſhall be often affronted, and he that lives upon truſt ſhall pay double.*

THERE was an old man
In a velvet coat,
He kiſs'd a maid
And gave her a groat;
The groat it was crack'd,
And would not go,
Ah, old man, do you ſerve me ſo?

Maxim.

If the coat be ever ſo fine that a fool wears, it is ſtill but a fool's coat



ROUND about, round about,
Magotty pye;
My Father loves good ale,
And ſo do I.

Maxim.

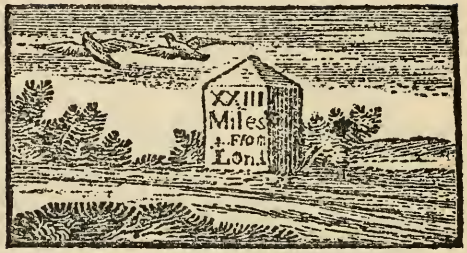
Evil company makes the good bad, and the bad worſe.

JACK

JACK and *Gill*
Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And *Gill* came tumbling after.

Maxim.

The more you think of dying, the better you will live.



ARISTOTLE's STORY.

THERE were two birds ſat on a Stone.
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other flew after,
And then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And ſo the poor ſtone
Was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;

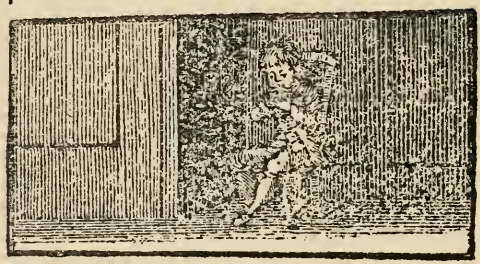
This may ſerve as a chapter of conſequence in the next new book of logic. *Sawmill's* Reports

HUSH-a-by baby
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby,
Cradle and all.

This may ſerve as a warning to the proud and ambitious, who climb ſo high that they generally fall at laſt.

Maxim.

Content turns all it touches into gold.

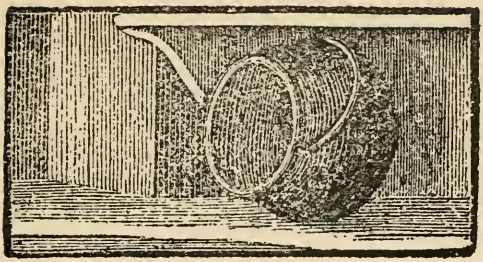


LITTLE *Jack Horner*
Sat in a corner,
Eating of *Chriſtmas* pye;
He put in his thumb,
And pull'd out a plumb,
And what a good boy was I.

Jack was a boy of excellent taſte, as ſhould appear by his pulling out a plumb; it is therefore ſuppoſed that his father apprenticed him to a mince pye-maker, that he might improve his taſte from year to year; no one ſtanding in ſo much need of good taſte as a paſtry cook.

Bentley on the Sublime and Beautiful.

PEASE



PEASE-porridge hot
Peaſe-porridge cold,
Peaſe-porridge in the pot
Nine days old,
Spell me that in four letters;
I will, THAT-

Maxim.

The poor are ſeldomer ſick for want of food, than the rich are by the exceſs of it.

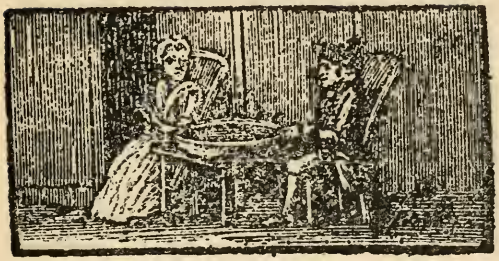
WHO

WHO comes here?
A grenadier.
What do you want?
A pot of beer.
Where is your money?
I've forgot.
Get you gone
You drunken [illegible]. *Sott,*

Maxim.

Intemperance is attended with diſeaſes, and idleneſs with poverty.

JACK



JACK *Sprat*
Could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And ſo betwixt them both,
They lick'd the platter clean.

Maxim.

Better to go to bed ſupperleſs, than riſe in debt.

WHAT

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry me;
If twenty won't, forty ſhall,
I am my mother's bouncing girl.

Maxim.

If we do not flatter ourſelves, the flattery of others would have no effect.

TELL

TELL tale tit,
Your tongue ſhall be ſlit,
And all the dogs in our town
Shall have a bit.

Maxim.

Point not at the faults of others with a foul finger.

ONE

ONE, two, three,
Four and five,
I caught a hare alive;
Six, seven, eight,
Nine and ten,
I let him go again.

Maxim.

We may be as good as we pleaſe, if we pleaſe to be good.

THREE

A DOLEFUL DITTY.

I.

THREE children ſliding on the ice
Upon a ſummer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The reſt they ran away.

II.

Oh! had theſe children been at ſchool,
Or ſliding on dry ground,
Ten thouſand pounds to one penny,
They had not then been drown'd.

III. Ye

III.

Ye parents who have children dear,
And eke ye that have none,
If you would keep them ſafe abroad,
Pray keep them ſafe at home.

There is ſomething ſo melancholy in this ſong, that it has occaſioned many people to make water. It is almoſt as diuretic as the tune which *John* the coachman whiſtles to his horſes. *Trumpington*'s Travels.

PATTY

PATTY cake, patty cake,
Bakers man;
That I will maſter,
As faſt as I can;
Prick it, and prick it,
And mark it with a T,
And there will be enough
For *Jacky* and me.

Maxim.

The ſureſt way to gain our ends is to moderate our deſires.

WHEN I was a little boy
I had but little wit,
'Tis a long time ago,
And I have no more yet;
Nor ever, ever ſhall,
Until that I die,
For the longer I live,
The more fool am I.

Maxim.

He that will be his own maſter,
has often a fool for his ſcholar.

WHEN

I.

WHEN I was a little boy
I liv'd by myſelf,
And all the bread
And cheeſe I got
I laid upon the ſhelf;
The rats and the mice
They made ſuch a ſtrife,
That I was forc'd to go to town
And buy me a wife.

II.

The ſtreets were ſo broad,
The lanes were ſo narrow,

I was forc'd to bring my wife home
In a wheel-barrow;
The wheel-barrow broke,
And my wife had a fall,
Farewell
Wheel-barrow wife and all.

Maxim.

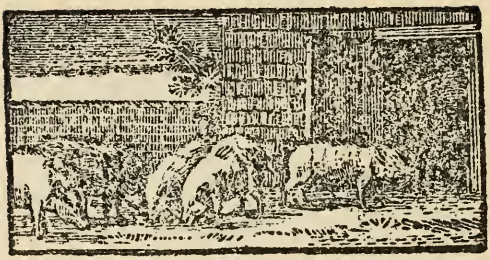
Provide againſt the worſt, and hope for the beſt.

O my

O My kitten a kitten,
And oh! my kitten, my deary,
Such a ſweet pap as this
There is not far nor neary;
There we go up, up, up,
Here we go down, down, down,
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round.

Maxim.

Idleneſs hath no advocate, but many friends.



THIS pig went to market,
That pig ſtaid at home;
This pig had roaſt meat,
That pig had none;
This pig went to the barn-door,
And cry'd week, week, for more.

Maxim.

If we do not govern our paſſions our paſſions will govern us.

THERE

ALEXANDER's SONG.

THERE was a man of *Theſſaly*,
And he was wondrous wiſe,
He jump'd into a quick-ſet hedge,
And ſcratch'd out both his eyes:
And when he ſaw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into another hedge,
And ſcratch'd them in again.

How happy it was for the man to ſcratch his eyes in again, when they were ſcratch'd out! But he was a blockhead or he would have kept himſelf out of the hedge, and not been ſcratch'd at all.

Wiſeman's new Way to Wiſdom.

A Long

A Long tail'd pig, or a ſhort tail'd pig,
Or a pig without any tail;
A ſow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curling tail.

Take hold of the tail and eat off his head;
And then you'll be ſure the pig-hog is dead.

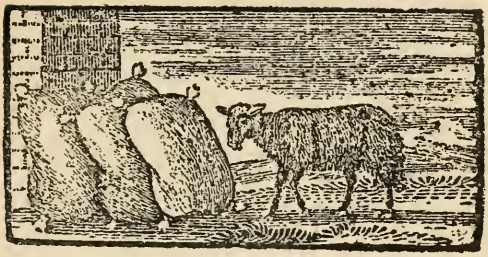
CÆSAR'

CÆSAR's SONG.

BOW, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little *Tom Tinker*'s dog,
Bow, wow, wow,

Tom Tinker's dog is a very good dog, and an honester dog than his master.

BAH,

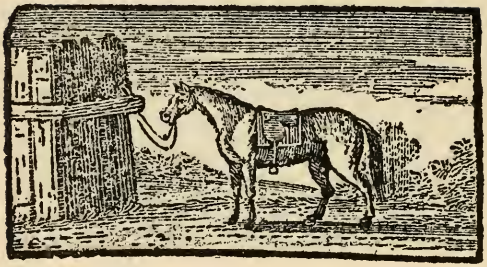


BAH, bah, black ſheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry have I,
Three bags full;
One for my maſter,
One for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

Maxim.

Bad habits are eaſier conquered to day than to-morrow.

ROBIN



ROBIN and *Richard*
Were two pretty men,
They lay in bed
'Till the clock ſtruck ten:
Then up ſtarts *Robin*
And looks at the ſky,
Oh! brother *Richard*,
The ſun's very high;
You go before
With the bottle and bag,
And I will come after
On little *Jack* nag

What

What lazy rogues were theſe to lie in bed ſo long, I dare ſay they have no cloaths to their backs; for *lazineſs cloaths a man with rags.*

THERE

THERE was an old woman,
And ſhe ſold puddings and pies,
She went to the mill
And the duſt flew into her eyes:
Hot pies,
And cold pies to ſell,
Wherever ſhe goes
You may follow her by the ſmell.

Maxim.

Either ſay nothing of the abſent, or ſpeak like a friend.

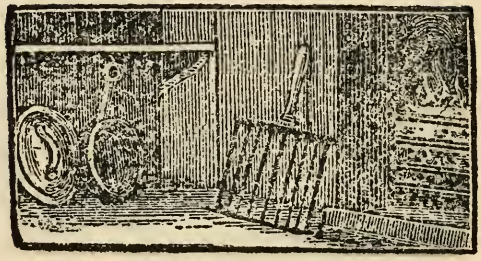
THERE

THERE were two blackbirds
Sat upon a hill,
The one was nam'd *Jack*,
The other nam'd *Gill*;
Fly away *Jack*,
Fly away *Gill*,
Come again *Jack*,
Come again *Gill*.

Maxim.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush

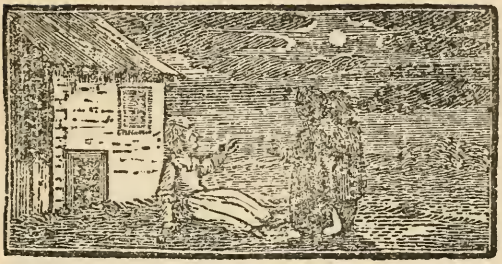
THE



THE ſow came in with a ſaddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The diſh jump'd a top of the table,
To ſee the pot waſh the ladle;
The ſpit that ſtood behind the door
Call'd the diſhclout dirty whore;
Ods-plut, ſays the gridiron,
Can't ye agree,
I'm the head conſtable,
Bring 'em to me.

Note, If he acts as conſtable in this caſe, the cook muſt ſurely be the juſtice of peace.

BOYS



BOYS and girls come out to play,
The moon does ſhine as bright as day;
Come with a hoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Looſe your ſupper, and looſe your ſleep,
Come to your playfellows in the ſtreet;
Up the ladder and down the wall
A halfpenny loaf will ſerve us all.

But when the loaf is gone, what will
you do?
Thoſe who would eat muſt work.

Maxim.

All work and no play makes *Jack* a dull boy.

WE'RE three brethren out of *Spain*
Come to court your daughter *Jane:*
My daughter *Jane* ſhe is too young,
She has no ſkill in a flattering tongue.
Be ſhe young, or be ſhe old,
Its for her gold ſhe muſt be ſold;
So fare you well my lady gay,
We muſt return another day.

Maxim.

Riches ſerve a wiſe man, and govern a fool.

A Logical SONG; *or the* CONJUROR's *Reaſon for not getting Money.*

I Would, if I cou'd,
If I cou'dn't, how cou'd I?
I cou'dn't, without I cou'd, cou'd I?
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?
Cou'd ye, Cou'd ye?
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?

Note

Note.

This is a new way of handling an old argument, ſaid to be invented by a famous ſenator; but it has ſomething in it of *Gothic* conſtruction.

Sanderſon.

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*

A LEARNED SONG.

HERE's A, B, and C,
D, E, F, and G,
H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q,
R, S, T, and U,
W, X, Y, and Z.
And here's the child's dad,
Who is sagacious and discerning,
And knows this is the fount of learning.

Note

Note.

This is the moſt learned ditty in the world: for indeed there is no ſong can be made without the aid of this, it being the *ganut* and ground-work of them all.

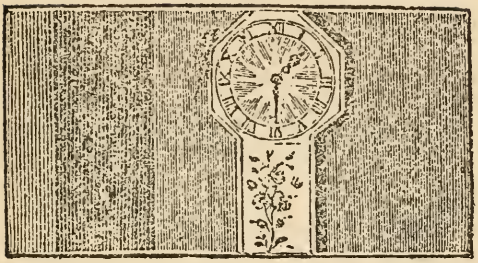
Mope's Geography of the Mind.

A SEASONABLE SONG.

PIPING hot, ſmoaking hot,
What I've got,
You have not,
Hot grey peaſe, hot, hot, hot;
Hot grey peaſe hot.

There is more muſic in this ſong, on a cold froſty night, than ever the Syrens were poſſeſſed of, who captivated *Ulyſſes*; and the effects ſtick cloſer to the ribs.

Huggleford on Hunger.
DICKERY,



DICKERY, dickery, dock,
The mouſe ran up the clock;
The clock ſtruck one,
The mouſe ran down,
Dickery, dickery dock.

Maxim.

Time ſtays for no man.

MOTHER GOOSE's
MELODY,

PART II.

CONTAINING THE

LULLABIES of *Shakeſpeare*.

WHERE the bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſummer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

YOU

YOU ſpotted ſnakes, with double tongue;
Thorny hedge hogs be not ſeen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm, nor ſpell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night, with lullaby.

TAKE,

TAKE, oh! take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were for-ſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

SPRING

SPRING.

WHEN daiſes pied, and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver-white;
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he;
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!
When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are plough-men's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maiden's bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he;
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang on the wall,
And *Dick* the ſhepherd blows his nail;
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail:
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit! to-whoo;
A merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot.
When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And *Marian*'s noſe looks red and raw:

When

When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit! To-whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

TELL me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy die
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell,
Ding, dong, bell;
Ding, dong, bell.

UNDER

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the ſweet bird's throat:
Come hither, come hither, come
hither.
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

WHO

WHO doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to lie i' th' ſun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come
hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to paſs
That any man turn aſs;
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools,
And if he will come to me.

BLOW

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the
green holly!
Moſt friendſhip is feigning; moſt lov-
ing mere folly.
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! ſing, &c.

O Miſ-

O Miſtreſs mine, where are you
running?
O ſtay and hear your true love's
coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting,
Journey's end in lover's meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Preſent mirth has preſent laughter.
What's to come, is ſtill unſure:
In decay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiſs me, ſweet and twenty,
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

WHAT

WHAT ſhall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather ſkin and horns to wear;
Then ſing him home:—take thou no ſcorn
To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn.

WHEN

WHEN daffodils begin to 'pear,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale;
Why then come in the ſweet o'th' year,
'Fore the red blood rains-in the winter pale,
The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh the ſweet birds, O how they ſing!
Doth ſet my progging tooth an edge:
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.
The lark that tirra-lyra chants,
With, hey! with hey! the thruſh and the jay:
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lay tumbling in the hay.

JOG

JOG on, jog on, the foot path way,
And merrily hent the ſtyle-a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a.

ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themſelves when he did ſing;
To his muſic, plants and flowers
Ever roſe, as ſun and ſhowers
There had made a laſting ſpring.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the ſea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet muſic is ſuch art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall aſleep or hearing die.

HARK

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate ſings,
And *Phœbus* 'gins ariſe,
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lies,
And winking may-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty bin
My lady ſweet ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

THE

THE poor ſoul ſat ſinging by a
ſycamore-tree,
Her hand on her boſom, her head on
her knee,
The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and
murmur'd her moans,
Her ſoft tears fell from her, and
ſoften'd the ſtones;
Sing all a green willow muſt be my
garland,
Let nobody blame him, his ſcorn I
approve.
I call'd my love falſe love, but what
ſaid he then?
If I court more women you'll think
of more men.

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NOTES

PREFACE, p. vii. *There was an old woman toss'd in a blanket, etc.*

Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, ii. 571, points out that this nursery rhyme was sung to the air of *Lilliburlero*. In *Musick's Handmaid*, 1673, according to Halliwell, p. 244, the tune is called *Lilliburlero, or Old Woman, whither so high*. This air was in vogue so late as 1886. Mr. Frederick E. Sawyer, F.S.A., of Brighton, wrote in *Notes and Queries*, 7th Ser. i. 153, that the following song was sung at harvest suppers in Sussex to the tune of *Lilliburlero*:—

'There was an old woman drawn up in a basket
Three or four times as high as the moon,
And where she was going I never did ask it,
But in her hand she carried a broom.
A broom! a broom! a broom! a broom!
That grows on yonder hill,
And blows with a yellow blossom,
Just like a lemon peel,
Just like a lemon peel, my boys,
To mix with our English beer,
And you shall drink it all up,
While we do say, Goliere!

*

Goliere ! Goliere ! Goliere ! Goliere !
While we do say, Goliere !
And you shall drink it all up,
While we do say, Goliere !'

This refrain reminds us of the old Goliardic songs, which were not unknown in England, though they were more common in Germany. Of the 'old woman' rhyme there are several variants. According to the version given in *Infant Institutes*, 1797, p. 15, she was tossed 'nineteen times as high as the moon'; Ritson, in his *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, 1810, p. 8, adheres to what seems to be the original number, 'seventeen,' as given in *Mother Goose's Melody*, which it may be noted tallies with that quoted by Goldsmith.[1] Halliwell, p. 89, goes as high as 'nineteen-nine times.' All the older versions agree in stating that a *blanket* was the medium of the tossing; later readings have altered this into *basket*.

A great writer of more modern days was not unfamiliar with the rhyme:

'*Little old woman, and whither so high?*
To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky.'
Dickens, *Bleak House*, chap. VIII.

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[1] See Introduction, p. xi.

P. 11. *There was a little man, who wooed a little maid, etc.*

Another version of this song, which is given in full by Halliwell, p. 224, was printed at the Strawberry Hill Press in broadside form. It is also printed under the heading of 'A New Love Song, By the Poets of Great Britain,' in another very scarce children's book, called *The Fairing, or, Golden Toy*, which was issued by John Newbery about 1760, and Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, ii. 770, says that many half-sheets of it with the music were printed during the eighteenth century. It was sung to an old tune, called, *I am the Duke of Norfolk*; *or, Paul's Steeple*, which is given in Playford's *Dancing Master, Division Violin*, 1685, pp. 2, 18 (Chappell, i. 117). The song of *The Duke of Norfolk* will be found in *The Suffolk Garland*, 1818, p. 402. It was sung at harvest suppers, when one of the guests was crowned with an inverted pillow, and a jug of ale was presented to him by another of the company, kneeling, to the following words:—

'I am the Duke of Norfolk,
Newly come to Suffolk;
Say, shall I be attended,
Or, no, no, no!

Good Duke, be not offended,
And you shall be attended,
You shall be attended,
Now, now, now!'

The Irish tune of *The Cruiskeen Lawn* is a modification of the air.

P. 25. *Ding dong Bell, The Cat is in the Well, etc.*

A variant of this rhyme is given in Halliwell, p. 98. That writer points out, p. 245, that 'Ding dong Bell' is the burden of a song in *The Tempest*, i. 2, and of another in *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2.

P. 32. *High diddle, diddle, The Cat and the Fiddle, etc.*

This rhyme may possibly be alluded to in an old blackletter play called *A Lamentable tragedy mixed ful of pleasant mirth, conteyning the life of Cambises King of Percia*, written by Thomas Preston, and printed by John Allde about the year 1570. It has been reprinted in Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*. On sig. E iv recto (Hazlitt, pp. 235-6) the following dialogue occurs:—

'*King.*

Me think, mine eares dooth wish the sound of musics harmony;

Hær for to play before my grace, in place I would them spy
Play at the banquet.

Ambidexter.

They be at hand Sir with stick and fidle ;
They can play a new daunce called hey-didle-didle.'

A variant of the rhyme is given in Miss Jackson's *Shropshire Word-Book*, p. 323.

P. 34. *Cock a doodle doo, My Dame has lost her Shoe, etc.*

Halliwell, p. 99, has extended this rhyme into four stanzas, all of which, but the first, are probably modern.

P. 36. *Round about, round about, Magotty Pye, etc.*

Halliwell, p. 104, points out that '*maggot-pie* is the original name of the chattering and ominous bird,' and refers to *Macbeth*, iii. 4, where this word is used :—

'Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.'

P. 37. Jack *and* Gill *Went up the Hill, etc.*

Ritson, in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, 1810, p. 20, reads 'a bottle of water.'

P. 39. *Hush a by Baby On the Tree Top, etc.*
Ritson, in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, 1810, p. 13, gives a slightly different version :—

> 'Bee baw babby lou, on a tree top,
> When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
> When the wind ceases the cradle will fall,
> Down comes baby and cradle and all.'

He says, rather improbably, that the unintelligible words in the first line are a corruption of the French nurse's threat in the fable: *He bas! là le loup!* Hush ! there 's the wolf.

P. 40. *Little* Jack Horner *Sat in a Corner, etc.*
These lines form a stanza in an old merriment entitled, *The Pleasant History of Jack Horner. Containing the witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks he play'd from his Youth to his riper Years; pleasant and delightful both for Winter and Summer Recreation.*[1] Halliwell, pp. 230-43, has printed the greater part of the history from a copy in the Douce collection in the Bodleian Library.

P. 47. *Three Children sliding on the Ice, etc.*
These stanzas are adapted from a ballad called 'The Lamentation of a Bad Market; or, The

[1] This title is taken from a copy in the possession of the present writer, with the imprint : *London, Printed: And sold by J. Drewry, Bookseller in Derby.*

Drownding of Three Children in the Thames,' which seems to have been first published in *The Loves of Hero and Leander*; *A Mock Poem: With Marginall Notes, and other choice Pieces of Drollery*, of which the first edition was published in 1651. The ballad was reprinted from the second edition of 1653 by Dr. Rimbault in *A Little Book of Songs and Ballads*, 1851, p. 187, and with some variations by Halliwell, p. 28, from the later edition of 1662. It was also printed by Mr. Thomson in his *Chronicles of London Bridge*, 1827, p. 410. It was sung to the tune of *Chevy Chase* (Chappell, i. 199).

P. 51. *When I was a little Boy, I liv'd by myself, etc.*

A slightly different version is given by Ritson in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, p. 26, beginning:—

'When I was a batchelor, I lived by myself.'

This version is followed by Halliwell, p. 22.

P. 53. *O my Kitten a Kitten, etc.*

A few variants are given in the version printed by Halliwell, p. 127.

P. 55. *There was a Man of* Thessaly, *etc.*

The variants of this rhyme are numerous. Buchan, in his *Ancient Ballads of the North*, ii. 154, has 'a man in Nineveh,' and Halliwell, p. 21, 'a man of Newington.'

P. 63. *The Sow came in with a Saddle, etc.* Halliwell, p. 186, reads:—

> 'The broom behind the butt
> Call'd the dish-clout a nasty slut.'

P. 64. *We're three Brethren out of* Spain, *etc.* This was a popular game-rhyme, and Mrs. Gomme, in her *Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, ii. 257, 455, gives as many as thirty-eight variants. 'It has been suggested that this game has for its origin an historical event in the reign of Edward III., whose daughter Jane married a prince of Spain.' The numerous variations in the text, which may be seen in Mrs. Gomme's exhaustive account of the game, sufficiently testify to its antiquity.

P. 66. *Boys and Girls come out to play, etc.* A variant of this rhyme is given by Halliwell, p. 143. Mrs. Gomme, in *Traditional Games*, i. 44, quotes an early version from *Useful Transactions in Philosophy*, p. 44:—

> 'Boys, boys, come out to play,
> The moon doth shine as bright as day;
> Come with a whoop, come with a call,
> Come with a goodwill or don't come at all;
> Lose your supper and lose your sleep,
> So come to your playmates in the street.'

It was also current in Scotland (Chambers, *Popular Rhymes*, p. 152). The tune will be found in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1728, ii. 138, under the title of *Girls and Boys, come out to Play*, and in Gay's ballad opera of *Polly*, 1729, under that of *We've cheated the Parson.* The words of this last song were written by Dryden, and occur in the fifth act of his opera, *King Arthur*, 1691. The music, which is said to have been composed by Purcell, will be found in *Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy*, third ed., 1712, p. 223.

P. 76. *Where the Bee sucks, there suck I, etc.*—*The Tempest*, v. 1.

P. 77. *You spotted Snakes, with double Tongue, etc.*—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2.

P. 78. *Take, oh! take those Lips away, etc.*—*Measure for Measure*, iv. 1.

This song, with an additional stanza, and two slight verbal variations, occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Bloody Brother*; *or, Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, v. 2. Mr. Robert Bell points out (*Songs from the Dramatists*, 1855, p. 148) that the origin of both verses may be traced to the fragment *Ad Lydiam*, ascribed to Cornelius Gallus. The following are the corresponding passages, which discover a resemblance too close to be accidental:—

'Pande, Puella, genas roseas,
Perfusas rubro purpureæ tyriæ.
Porrige labra, labra corallina;
Da columbatim mitia basia:
Sugis amentis partem animi.

'Sinus expansa profert cinnama;
Undique surgunt ex te deliciæ.
Conde papillas, quæ me sauciant
Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris.'

The following is Fletcher's adaptation of the concluding lines:—

'Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.'

It seems doubtful if Shakespeare's acquaintance with the classics was sufficient to enable him to compose the first stanza of the poem. If Fletcher wrote both, he may have allowed his friend to borrow the lines. On the other hand, in the wit-combats that were carried on at the Mermaid, Jonson, or some other scholar of the party, may have quoted Gallus, and thereby started the idea in Shakespeare's mind, to be afterwards pursued by

Fletcher. The music of this song was composed by 'Jack Wilson,' the singer, who belonged to the same company of players with Shakespeare, and whose name is given in a stage direction in *Much Ado About Nothing*, 4to, 1600.

P. 79. *When Daisies pied, and Violets blue, etc.*—*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.

P. 81. *When Icicles hang on the Wall, etc.*—*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.

P. 83. *Tell me where is Fancy bred, etc.*—*The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2.

P. 84. *Under the Greenwood Tree, etc.*—*As You Like It*, ii. 5.

P. 86. *Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind, etc.*—*As You Like It*, ii. 7.

P. 87. *O Mistress mine, where are you running? O stay you here, your true Love's coming, etc.*—*Twelfth Night*, ii. 3.

The correct text has:—

'O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true Love's coming.'

The music of this song will be found in Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 209. Mr. Chappell points

out that it occurs in both editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599 and 1611, and also in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, arranged by Byrd. As it is found in print in 1599, it proves that *Twelfth Night* was either written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with a then prevailing custom, *O Mistress mine* was an old song introduced into the play.

P. 88. *What shall he have that killed the Deer, etc.—As You Like It*, iv. 2.

P. 89. *When Daffodils begin to 'pear, etc.—The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

The usual text has *peer* for *'pear*, and *pugging* for *progging* in l. 7.

P. 91. *Jog on, jog on, the foot path Way, etc.—The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

Mother Goose erroneously gives *mend* for *hent*, which means to hold or grasp, in the second line. This is probably an old song borrowed by Shakespeare for the occasion. Mr. Chappell in his *Popular Music*, i. 211, says that the tune is in *The Dancing Master* from 1650 to 1698, and also in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book* under the name of *Hanskin*. The song, with two additional stanzas, is in *The Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661. The following are the added verses:—

'Your paltry money-bags of gold
What need have we to stare for,
When little or nothing soon is told,
And we have the less to care for.

'Cast care away, let sorrow cease,
A fig for melancholy;
Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,
We'll frolic with sweet Dolly.'

P. 92. *Orpheus with his Lute made Trees, etc.*—*King Henry VIII.*, iii. 1.

P. 93. *Hark, hark! the Lark at Heav'n's Gate sings, etc.*—*Cymbeline*, ii. 3.

P. 94. *The poor Soul sat singing by a Sycamore tree, etc.*—*Othello*, iv. 3.

The song of *Oh! willow, willow*, which is introduced by Desdemona in a few affecting lines, appears to have been composed in the tragic days of Henry VIII. The version adapted by this unfortunate lady is contained in a manuscript volume of songs preserved in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 15, 117), and probably written at the close of the sixteenth century or the beginning of the seventeenth. There is a blackletter copy of the song in the Pepys collection called '*A Lover's Complaint*, being forsaken of his love,' which has been printed

by Percy in his *Reliques*, Series I. Part ii. A version from the manuscript, which is slightly different from that used by Percy, is printed with the tune in Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 206, where all the available information about the song is given.

'Willow songs' were favoured by the dramatists, and a specimen written by John Heywood, a favourite playwright and court musician in the time of Henry VIII., will be found in a manuscript which formerly belonged to Mr. Bright, and the contents of which were printed in 1848 by the Shakespeare Society under the editorship of Mr. Halliwell. There is another in an anonymous prose comedy called *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, presented by the Children of the Chapel, and printed in 1606.

N.B.—The references to Halliwell in these notes are to his *Nursery Rhymes of England*, second edition, 1843, and in the case of Chappell, to his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, in two volumes, undated, but printed in 1862.

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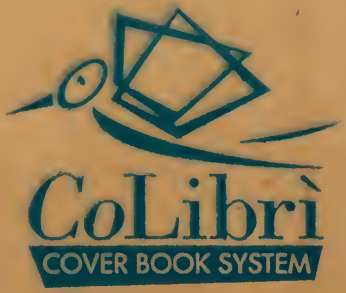
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